Demon

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Demon

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

Hannibal could see something in Will. Something that no one else could see apparently.

Notes

#Hannictober Day 9: Demon

Hannibal- Stag Demon.
Will- Bird with Majestic Wings? IDK.

See the end of the work for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Hannibal could see something in Will. Something that no one else could see apparently.

There was a mild distortion of his form that caught Hannibal's eye on the day they met. There was something more to the profiler and Hannibal had made it a personal mission to unveil it in any way he could.

So he talked. He soothed. He allowed the possible man to become attached to him in a sense. And when his guard was lowered, Hannibal set the bait and invited him to dinner.

Will had agreed in order to be polite, but if Hannibal's plan went right, there would be no civility this night.

Having Will at his table was an accomplishment that Hannibal savored intensely. And when Will took his first bite of food, Hannibal watched with near obsession.

As expected, Will froze. His fork resting on his lips and his eyes stuck on the plate before him.

"Everything well?" Hannibal asked, the air of perfect serenity.

"What *are* you?" Will demanded, standing suddenly.

Hannibal smirked and lifted his wine glass in a toast. "Much like you I would imagine. However," he paused to scent and sip the wine, "I am much older and more practised."

Will's form distorted once again, giving Hannibal an almost perfect view of what lay beneath. And it was beautiful.

There was a tension. So thick it made breathing difficult. Luckily, neither of them needed to breath as often as humans did.

When Will's almost invisible wings flexed, Hannibal's claws elongated immediately.

The ensuing frenzy was powerful and not short of beautiful as the two males circled one another and proceeded to attack.

Hannibal’s skin as black as midnight, antlers sharply tipped and dangerous. Will’s skin was red like the blood Hannibal so loved to spill, and his wings looked like freshly fallen snow that had been tainted by the life essence of some unfortunate prey.

The two monsters lunged at one another, and Hannibal, being the older and more experienced demon, found it easy to pin his new friend to the table which their meal had been taken.

With a punishing bite to the throat, Hannibal earned Will's submission, as well as the rest of him.

It was a good hunt, and Hannibal made sure his new mate knew it, taking him slowly and deeply atop their food, which had come from some foolish banker who dared get too mouthy.

And Will's moaning nearly shook the house.

It was beautiful.

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

End Notes

How was it?

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